

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1825.

[NUMBER 58.]

THE REFLECTION.

WORSHIP.

"They that truly seek, shall find,"
This the blessed promise given,
To refresh the drooping mind,
In its pilgrimage to Heaven.
Come then, all ye sad and weary,
Worn with sickness, care or sin,
When the world around is dreary,
Turn to Christ, the light within.
He will heal the broken hearted,
He the wanderer will restore;
Ye who have from God departed,
Turn again—and sin no more!
Come and bathe in Truth's pure fountain,
Grace will cleanse from every stain;
Come, ascend fair Zion's mountain,
Worship with his church again!
Join the blessed congregation
In the holy song of praise;
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
To Him loud hosannas raise!
Let the anthem louder swelling,
As it spreads from clime to clime;
Mount unto the saints' bright dwelling,
Mingle with their hymns sublime,
Till the morning stars, awoken'd
From their long and silent trance,
As they sung at earth's creation,
Fill with music Heaven's expanse. ROSA.

SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL.

It is true, that in whatever form Christian truth may prevail, it is robbed of its lustre or power. It is one proof of its heavenly origin, that no corruptions have ever been able to hide its beauty and majesty, or palsy its energy. Its light has been seen and felt amid all the thick vapors and dark clouds that have been accumulated around it. But still, if all could be swept away, and the luminary shine from the firmament in its own free and unobstructed splendor, how far more conspicuous would be its glory, and with what new and fervent admiration would it be welcomed!

We cannot doubt, that the simplest system of doctrines is most likely to advance the permanent glory of the gospel. Every thing is admirable and sublime in proportion to its simplicity. The objects which are grandest in the works of nature, are among the simplest. Of the sublime works of God, this is one of the striking characteristics. What is more sublime than the stary heavens—the lofty mountains—the unfathomable ocean, whether sleeping or tempestuous? Yet no objects are more simple, or offer less complication of ideas. The grandest of the works of man are also the simplest. Those admirable structures, whose ruins are the wonder of posterity, and whose writings which are equally first in all ages, are for nothing so remarkable as for their noble simplicity. What is complicated and intricate, becomes obscure and wearisome; and the only thing whose beauty is ever new, and whose attraction never ceases, are those which are plain and simple.

So it is with the Gospel. Compared with the complicated system of the heathen world, and the multitudinous observances of the Mosiac dispensation, there is an obvious majesty in its simplicity, which speaks the perfect work of God. If you seek to render it imposing by a profusion of gorgeous observances, you may indeed seem to succeed for a time, and among some, as has happened in the disguises which it wore in the darker ages of the church; but you hide its divinest charm, and liken it to the theatrical display of heathen worship. If you annex it to mysterious and subtle dogmas, which perplex the understanding, and are fearful to the fancy, you may seem to excite veneration and awe; but still there was a profound awe in the false mysteries of pagan superstition; and in the schools of the philosophers, there were as great ingenuity and subtlety of solemn dogmatism, as has ever existed in the schools of the fathers and doctors of metaphysical christianity. It is not thus that the religion of Jesus is to be glorified. It is when unadorned, that it is adorned the most:—when, stripped of all the dazzling and pompous accompaniments by which men would give lustre to the work of God—it stands forth, as Jesus walked in Judea, humble, unpretending, without title or state, yet with a native mien of dignity and power, which impresses and overawes.—Ware.

HOPE.

When afflictions and sorrows have cast the sable garb of despondency over the grief-worn soul, hope spreads its lucid rays, diffuses consolation, and brightens with new prospects, the gloomy scenes of an unfortunate life. Were it not for the balmy effulgence of hope's resplendent beams, how oft would the afflicted mind of man sink into despair! As the bright twinkling of the day-star cheers the weary mind of the way-worn traveller; enlivens his spirits, and brightens the languid prospects around him; so hope brightens the prospects, and cheers the mind through life's wearisome pilgrimage. As the lighthouse, amidst the swelling billows of the trackless deep, enlivens the drooping spirits of the weary mariner, and portrays some friendly port near at hand, so hope, among the surging waves of life's tempestuous ocean, ravines

the faulting spirits of the unfortunate, and brightens the prospects of futurity. Were it not for the balmy consolation derived from hope, man would be weary of life ere he had reached its meridian; and looking forward with a retrospective view to the prospects before him, his heart would sicken at the thoughts of a repetition of those dreary scenes which had already passed. But hope is ever ready to cheer up the heart, and enliven those prospects which would otherwise appear dreary and burthensome. When man has arrived at that age which forbids him to look for life's protraction, worn down with fatigue, misfortune, and disappointment, he becomes weary of travelling life's chequered paths,—his heart sickens at the thought of staying longer in this troublesome world, and he would fain quit it without a tear or a sigh; but hope brightens the scene and endears the world to him. And when worldly prospects can no longer attract the views of man, hope presents new prospects in futurity, and the latent spark of friendship flames still higher in his breast; his mind soars above earthly things, and he hopes to find peace and happiness in mansions of bliss above the ethereal skies. FINATO.

MISCELLANY.

THE TWIN-BROTHERS.

A MEZZORANIAN TALE.
(Translated from the German.)

Amidst the extensive wilds of Africa, there lies a territory, the inhabitants of which are as numerous, and even as civilized as the Chinese; they are called the Mezzoraniens.

Two twin-brothers of this country, which is still so little known to our geographers, were enamored of a young lady who equally favored both. The two lovers and the fair one, chanced to meet together at the festival, instituted in honor of the Sun. This festival was solemnized twice in the year, because as the kingdom lies between the two tropics, yet somewhat more on this side the line, it has two springs and two summers. At the commencement of every spring season, this adoration is paid to the great Luminary, throughout all the nomes or districts of the land. It is celebrated in the open air, to denote that the Sun is the immediate cause of all the productions of nature. They make an offering to it of five small pyramids of frankincense, in golden dishes. Five youths, and an equal number of virgins, are named by the magistrate, to place them on the altar, where they remain till the fire has consumed them. Each of these young persons is dressed in the color of their nomes, and wears a diadem on the head.

One of the twin-brothers, with the damsel beloved by both, composed the first couple who were to place the incense on the altar. This done, they saluted each other. It was customary for them now to change their places; the youth going over to the side of the virgin, and she coming to his. When the five pair have acted in this manner, all the spectators follow in the same order, by which means, they have an opportunity of completely beholding each other.

It is here, commonly, that such as have not hitherto made their choice, determine it; and as success depends solely on the acquiescence of the damsel, the young man takes all imaginable pains to obtain the love of her whom he has selected from the rest. To avoid every species of misunderstanding or jealousy, the maiden, when the young man pleases her, accepts from him a flower, not yet fully blown, which it is his business to tender, and places it in her bosom. But if she has already entered into some engagement she gives him to understand as much, by showing him a flower; and should this be only a bud, it is then a sign that she will make her first proposal; if half-blown, it implies that her love has already made some progress; but if it be fully blown, the virgin thereby betokens that her choice is made, and that she cannot now retract it. So long, however, as she does not publicly wear this token, she remains at liberty to act as she pleases.

If she be free, and the man who offers her the flower is not agreeable to her, she makes him a profound reverence, and shuts her eyes till he is retired. Indeed, at times, it happens here, as well as in other places, though here very rarely, that she disguises herself to her lover. If a man be already engaged, he likewise bears a token. Such maidens as have yet met with no lover, have their choice either to remain virgins or to inscribe themselves among the widows, which last can only be married to a widower. But to return to our twin-brother.—The brother who stood at the altar with the young damsel, felt as violent a passion for her as she did for him. They were so extremely intent on the ceremony, that they forgot to give each other the accustomed signs. On her leaving the altar, the other brother saw her, became enamored of her, and found an opportunity, when the ceremony was over, to present her with a flower. She accepted it from his hands, being fully persuaded that it was the person who had just before been with her at the altar; but as she withdrew herself away in some haste with her companions, she imperceptibly dropped the token which she had received. The elder brother accosted her once more, and offered her a flower.—"Ah!" said she to her-

self, in an amiable confusion, "it is the very same!" and took that likewise. The young man who heard this, imagined for certain that it meant him; but as the law allowed them to remain no longer together, they departed their several ways.

He who had first presented the flower, found an opportunity some days afterwards, of seeing his charmer by night at a lattice. This sort of conversation, though strictly prohibited by the laws, was yet connived at. The damsel appeared so kind, that he ventured to offer her the token of a half-blown flower. This she accepted; and, in return, presented him with a scarf embroidered with hearts, interwoven with thorns; giving him to understand thereby, that there were still some obstacles to be surmounted. She allowed him at the same time to declare himself her lover, without, however, giving him her name, and without even acquainting him with the reason of her silence on that head.

Not long afterwards, the elder brother met her at the very same window; but the night was so dark that he could not distinguish the second flower, which she wore in her bosom. The extreme satisfaction she discovered at his coming, seemed to him indeed, somewhat extraordinary; but he ascribed it to a sympathy which between lovers, banishes all restraint. He began to excuse himself for not having seen her so long, and assured her that, if he could have his will, no night should pass, but he would come to assure her of the ardor of his inclination. She admired the vehemence of his passion. The lover received such clear indications of her favorable disposition towards him, that he thought he might easily waive the ceremony of the second token; and accordingly gave her the third, a nearly full-blown flower. She accepted it of him: telling him, however, that she would not immediately wear it, that he must first go through certain forms, and that she must still see some more proofs of the fidelity of his attachment. At the same time, to assure him of the sincerity of her love, she gave him her hand through the lattice, which he kissed in the greatest transports. On this she made him a present of a fillet, on which were wrought two hearts, in her own hair, over which was a wreath of pomegranates, seemingly almost ripe; a joyful token! which gave him to understand, that the time of gathering was at hand.

Thus all three were happy in their error. On every public occasion, the two brothers appeared with the signs of their inclinations, and solicited each other on their success: but as mysteriousness was not destitute of charms for them, they cautiously avoided every opportunity of explaining themselves to each other. The return of the great Festival, was now at no great distance, when the youngest brother thought it the proper occasion for venturing to give his beloved the third token of his affection. He told her that he hoped she would now willingly wear the full-blown flower, as a testimony of her consent; at the same time, presenting her with an artificial carnation, interspersed with little flames and hearts. She put the carnation in her bosom, unable to conceal her joy, as she received it; at which her lover was so transported, that he determined to demand her of her parents.

His elder brother who had given her the full-blown flower, at the same time, thought that nothing more was wanting to his happiness, than the approbation and consent of her relations. Chance brought them both on the very same day, to the parents of their beloved. But how great was their astonishment on their meeting each other! As soon as the father appeared, each addressed him for his daughter. He assured them he had but one child, of whose virtue he was fully convinced; and that she never, in opposition to the laws of the land, could favor two lovers at once. He, however, concluded from the perfect likeness that subsisted between the two brothers, that some mistake had happened, and sent for his daughter to clear up the matter. She immediately appeared, decorated with the four flowers which she had received, in the complete conviction, that the two full-blown had been presented her by one and the same hand.

Venus herself attended by the Graces, could not have shone more lovely than Berilla, for thus was the damsel named. Her form was noble and majestic, and her complexion surpassed the blooming rose. No sooner did she perceive the great resemblance between her lovers and the tokens of her inclination, which they wore, then she exclaimed—"I am deceived!—Thou knowest my innocence, O Almighty Sun!" She was unable to utter more, but fell motionless on the earth. Her beautiful cheeks were covered with the veil of death. The father, frantic with agony, held her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart—"My dear, my only daughter! live, or I must die with thee. I know thou art innocent!" Her mother and the servants, were called to her relief, and with much difficulty restored her to herself.

She lifted up her eyes, raised a deep sigh, closed them again, and said—"Unhappy Berilla, thou art now dishonored! Thou wert the comfort of thy parents who loved thee in their hearts, and as the reward of their tenderness, thou art become the cause of their distress!"

On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father himself oppressed with sorrow, strove to calm her tortured mind by every endearing expression, giving her repeated assurances that he was convinced of her innocence. "O my father," cried she, "am I still worthy of thee?"—"That thou art so," he replied, "thy sorrow indicates; which at once is thy justification, and the triumph of thy sensibility. Compose thy spirits," added he, with sighs, "I know thy innocence." The two brothers stood speechless at this mournful scene: they alternately cast on each other looks of distrust, of anger, and then of compassion.

In the mean time, the amiable maiden completely revived, at least so far as to be able to answer some questions which were submitted to her. She declared that the first, by whom she had been led to the altar, was the person who made an impression on her heart; that presently after she accepted, she believed from him, the first token of his inclination, and at length consented to become his: that thereon, she wore the full-blown flower; but she was totally ignorant by which of the two brothers it had been given her. She concluded, with declaring, that she was ready to abide by the judgment of the elders and to submit to any punishment which they should think fit to inflict.

As the marriage engagement is among the weightiest concerns of the empire, and as there was no law already provided respecting so peculiar a case, it was necessarily left to the decision of the Pophar, or Prince of the country. The cause was fairly stated in the presence of him and the elders, and the likeness of the two brothers was in reality so great, that they were scarcely to be distinguished apart. The Prince asked, which of the two it was who led her to the altar? The eldest replied, it was he. Berilla confessed that indeed, he pleased her at first, but the impression he made on her was only slight. On this it was asked, who gave the first flower? and it proved to be the youngest. Berilla said she lost that; but shortly after, her lover returned it to her; though at this moment, he appeared less amiable to her than before. However, she constantly thought it had been the same. The point which most perplexed the judge, was, that the maiden had received the full-blown flower from both the lovers. They looked stedfastly on each other without daring to utter a word. The Pophar interrogated the young lady, whether at the time she gave her consent, she did not believe she was giving it to him who had led her to the altar? She affirmed that she did; but likewise declared that her greatest inclination had fallen on him from whom she received the first flower. Both the brothers were now set before her, and the question was put to her, which of the two she would choose, if the election were now freely left to herself? She blushed; and after a few moments of consideration, replied—"The youngest seems to have the greatest inclination for me!" at the same time, darting a look, which betrayed the secret wishes of her soul.

All men now waited with impatience for the decree of the Prince, and eagerly strove to read in his eyes, the judgment which he was going to pronounce; but particularly the two lovers, who seemed expecting the sentence of life and death. At length the Prince, with a stern and gloomy countenance, addressed himself to Berilla—"Thy misfortune—or, rather my imprudence—prevents thee forever from possessing either of the brothers. Thou hast given to each of them an incontestable right to thy person. One hope alone remains for thee, and that is if one of them will forego his pretensions.—And now, my sons," continued he, "What have you to say? Which of you is disposed to sacrifice his own satisfaction to the happiness of his brother?" They both made answer that they would sooner lose their lives. The Prince turned again to the damsel, who seemed on the point of sinking to the earth, and said—"Thy case excites my compassion; but, as neither of the two will yield, I am obliged to condemn thee to a single state, till one of thy lovers shall change his opinion, or die."

The lot was cruel; for in Mezzorania, the state of celibacy is a heavy disgrace. The whole assembly were about to separate, when the younger brother threw himself on his knees before the judge—"I implore your patience for a moment!" said he: "I will rather sacrifice my right, than see Berilla so severely doomed.—Take her, O my brother, and may ye live long and happily together!—And thou, the delight of my life, forgive the trouble which my innocent love has occasioned thee! This sole request I have to make of thee!" The assembly rose, and the magnanimous lover was about to depart, when the Prince commanded him to stay. "Son! remain where thou art," said he: "thy magnanimity deserves to be rewarded. The damsel is thine; for by this sacrifice thou hast merited her love. Give her thy hand, and live happily with her!"

They were shortly after united; and the Prince acquired great renown by this decree.

To detect lime-bleached Linen.—Much injury is done to linen by bleaching it with lime. To prevent deception, cut off a scrap of new linen which you wish to examine, put it into a glass, and pour upon it several spoonfuls of good vinegar. If the linen contain lime, the acid will excite considerable effervescence, accompanied with a slight noise. If otherwise, no effect is produced.

SELECTED TOASTS.

AT ELATON, (DELAWARE.)

William H. Crawford. Dignified in retirement, we admire the patriotic sentiment, he lately expressed, of the present administration. 3 cheers.

The present Administration. Let it be tried by its merits, and "the tree judged by its fruit."

By Mr. John S. Taylor, (a mechanic.) The science of mechanics, and mechanical trades: Alike essential to the convenience and wealth of the world.

By Robert Virtue, (a cabinet-maker.) The cabinet of our country: May its measures be conducted with skill and wisdom, and each secretary furnish his bureau, suitable to the best interest of his country.

By Mr. Joel Evans, (a mill-wright.) The mills of our country, whether propelled by steam, wind, or water.

May they withstand the attacks of any Quixotic plotter.

Who, through a delusion, like Messrs. Lumpkin and Truett,

Makes a foolish endeavor, our government to dupe.

By Mr. John Klueck, (a saddler.) May the saddle of office never be occupied by the incompetent; nor the reins of government depicted to those who require either curb or spur.

By Mr. Adam Purves, (a tailor.) May the thread of that man's life be cut, who attempts to cabbage from his country.

By Mr. James Roach, (a carpenter.) The fabric of our government: May it continue to serve the purpose designed, at the foundation: and let there be no other use for a scaffold than such edifices require.

By Mr. Joseph Fisher, (a shoemaker.) The last of our country: May it suit the soul, and fit the understanding of our patriots who hold out, even to the end.

By Mr. Wm. Raney, (a blacksmith.) The screw, vice, and hand of the despotism: May they be formed of a more flexible, and less useful material than iron.

By Mr. John Scarborough, (a distiller.) Aromatic spirits, not "the choice spirits" of Aaron Burr. It is possible to have too much of any good thing.

By Mr. Alexander Kinkaid, (a wheel and cartwright.) The wheels of the general and state governments: May they revolve in their proper track; and those who leave the right road, get up to the hub in the mire of difficulty.

By Mr. James Bates, (a tanner and currier.) The constitution and bill of rights, the beams which support our body politic: May they be "engraven on tables of stone," so that our sage lawgivers, and even their couriers, may read as they run.

By Mr. Zebulon Ferguson, (a waterman.) The republican institutions of our country: After such a "full tide of successful experiment," the most skeptical must acknowledge the safety of our political ark.

By Levin R. Shockey, (a farmer.) The harvest is plenty, the laborers are few. The return of this day makes more still to do.

For the crop that was sowed in '76, Gets larger and larger, each year that we fix A treaty with England, or a law of our own;

Or obtain, by fair purchase, the Indians' new ground. By Wm. Rochester, (a merchant.) Our Ambassadors at foreign courts: May their negotiations be ruled by the standard of discretion; the scales of justice to be so equated, at the beginning of the settlement that the measure of our country's rights may be duly appreciated; and that at the closing of accounts, a balance may be struck to the credit of our country.

By Elisha Simmons, (a musician.) The band of patriots, who led in full concert the march to liberty. May their successors keep up the measure of our country's glory, according to the time and tenor of its institutions; and may any, so base as to run counter thereto, be drummed out of the company, as were those who paid the treble tax.

By James Pugh, (the host of the Mechanics' Inn.) Artificial distinctions in society: Wisely forbidden by the spirit of our government, which avers, that "worth makes the man," and the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

ECONOMY.

METHEGLIN.—This delightful beverage is made in the following manner: put so much new honey into spring water, that when the honey is dissolved, an egg will not sink to the bottom. Boil the liquor for an hour. When cool, barrel it up, adding a spoonful of yeast to ferment it. Some add ginger half an ounce to a barrel, and as much cloves and mace; but I have it very good without any spices. One hundred weight of honey will make a barrel of metheglin as strong as good wine. I once had a barrel made with 90 weight of honey. After fermenting and fining, it was an excellent liquor; some part of which I kept bottled several years; it loses the honey taste by age, and grows lighter colored; but on the whole it does not improve by age, like some liquors.

Deane's N. E. Farmer.

RECIPES FOR THE LADIES.

Composition Cake.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, half a pound of butter, seven eggs, half a pint of cream, and a gill of brandy.

Tea Cake.—Three cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, a small lump of pearlash, and make it not quite so stiff as pound cake.

Loaf Cake.—Five pounds of flour, two of sugar, three quarters of a pound of lard, and the same quantity of butter, one pint of yeast, eight eggs, one quart of milk; roll the sugar in the flour; add the raisins and spice after the first rising.

Pint Cake.—One pint of dough, one tea-cup of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, one tea-spoon full of pearlash, with raisins and spices.

Soft Gingerbread.—Six tea cups of flour, three of molasses, one of cream, one of butter, one table spoon full of ginger, and one of pearlash.

Wafers.—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs beat, one glass of wine and a nutmeg.

Jumbles.—Three pounds of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, eight eggs, with a little caraway seed; add a little milk if the eggs are not sufficient.

Soft Cakes in little pans.—One and a half pound of butter rubbed into two pounds of flour, add one wine glass of wine, one of rose-water, two of yeast, nutmeg, cinnamon and currants.

Diet Bread.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, nine eggs, leaving out some of the whites, a little mace and rose-water.

Wafers.—Two pounds of flour, three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, nine eggs, a little mace and rose-water.

A light Cake to bake in cups.—One and a half pounds of sugar, half a pound of butter rubbed into two pounds of flour, one glass of wine, one of rose-water, eight eggs, and half a nutmeg.

Sponge Cake.—Five eggs, half a pound of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of flour.

Another.—One pound of sugar, nine eggs, the weight of four eggs of flour; beat the yolks and whites separate; mix the sugar and eggs together before you add the flour; a little nutmeg.

Another.—Five eggs, three cups of flour, two of sugar and a little cinnamon.

Pound Cake.—Three eggs, nine spoonfuls of butter, three of sugar, and three handfulls of flour.

Dough Cake.—Two coffee cups of dough, two of sugar, one and a half of butter, eight eggs, two tea

spoons full of pearlash, wine and plasma; add very little flour.

Cream Cake.—Four cups of flour, three of sugar, one of butter, one of cream, five eggs, one tea-spoon full of pearlash; rub the butter and sugar together, then add the rest.

Shrewsbury Cake.—One pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, one nutmeg, one glass of brandy.

Clove Cake.—Three pounds of flour, one of butter, one of sugar, three of eggs, two spoonfuls of cloves—mix it with molasses.

Cake.—One tea-cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and four of eggs.

Cookies.—One tea-cup of butter, one of sugar, one egg, and flour.

To boil Ham.—It should be boiled in a large quantity of water, and that for a long time—one quarter of an hour for each pound—the rind taken off when warm. The ham is most palatable when cold, and should be sent to the table with eggs, horse-radish and mustard. This affords a cheap repast at any time of day.

Bread Pudding.—One pound of soft bread or biscuit, soaked in one quart of milk, run through a sieve or colander; add seven eggs, three quarters of a pound of sugar, one quarter of a pound of butter, nutmeg, cinnamon, one gill of rose-water, one pound of raisins, half a pint of milk; bake three quarters of an hour, midding hot oven.

Rice Pudding.—Half pint of rice, six ounces of sugar, two quarts of milk, salt, butter, and allspice, put cold into a hot oven; bake two and a half hours.

Indian Pudding.—Three pints of scalded milk, seven spoonfuls of fine Indian meal, stir well together while hot, let it stand until cooled, add four eggs, half a pound of butter, spices and sugar—bake four hours.

FOREIGN.

GREECE.—The latest accounts from Hydra, by way of Malta, contained in Paris papers of the 14th of June, confirm all the material circumstances respecting the recent glorious victories of the Greeks over Ibrahim Pacha and the Turkish and Egyptian fleets. The following quotation, made by the editor of the *Troy Sentinel*, is peculiarly happy and appropriate:—

"The Turkish moons
Wander in dismay. A dark eclipse
Hangs on the silver crescent, boding night,
Long night, to all her sons."

The Greeks have exhibited in their war for independence, valor, perseverance, and enthusiasm, united with skill and discretion, worthy of the brightest periods of Grecian glory, and the chivalrous and patriotic devotion of their leaders to the cause of liberty is most honorable to the legitimate inheritors of the ancient republic. The result of the present campaign can hardly fail of convincing the Mahomedan power that Greece can never again be brought under the yoke of tyranny; and if the Holy Alliance shall refrain from unwholy interference, there appears to be but little doubt that a well-ordered republican government will be firmly established, and the efforts, the sufferings and perils of the brave Greeks, crowned with complete success.

An article dated *Corfu*, May 12th, says:—"At this moment it is certain that Ibrahim Pacha is ruined if he has not succeeded in re-embarking. His expedition in the Morea has cost the Greeks some blood. His artillery, directed by foreign renegades and former *sol-dan* Philhellenians, has occasioned the death of many brave men; but they are revenged; the people have risen in a body, a new energy animated them, and the campaign of 1825 will be as memorable as that of 1822. The Hellenian Government has welcomed with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude the arrival of General Roche, who was sent by the Greek Committee of Paris, among whom are the Chateaubriands, the Ternaux, the Fitzjameses, and other illustrious personages. He immediately took the direction toward Patras, and it is probable that he will be employed in the final reduction of that place. The Hellenian Government is about to send to Paris, M. Calergis, one of its members.—The choice of such an envoy shows that the institutions of Greece are becoming settled."—*N. Y. States.*

FROM RIO DE JANEIRO.—An arrival at Norfolk, (Vir.) from Rio de Janeiro brings intelligence, that the contemplated expedition against Montevideo sailed from Rio on the 25th of May, consisting of 1600 troops; another expedition was fitting out, which was expected to sail in a few days; the latter would consist principally of transport vessels with stores and various munitions of war. The conjecture was, that WAR was inevitable between the Brazilian Government and the Banda Oriental.

A letter from *Rio Janeiro*, June 11th, says, "Our advices from the river La Plata leave little doubt that this country and Buenos Ayres will soon be involved in war, on the question of the possession of Montevideo by the Government of Brazil. The Patria of Montevideo are in arms and are secretly supplied with munitions of war and money by the citizens of Buenos Ayres. They threaten the invasion of Rio Grande, and to set the slaves free on condition of their joining them."

REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

PORT-AU-PRINCE.

Interior, July, 1825.

On the 3d inst. three French vessels of war, carrying the national flag; one ship, one brig, and one ship, wearing the white flag at the peak and Haytian colors at the fore-top, moored in the Grand Wadshead, without gun-shot of our forts, at one o'clock, P. M. immediately after mooring, the frigate sent her launch on shore, with a flag of truce, transmitting to our government the despatches of the French nation.

Col. Boisblanc, chief of port-regulations, repaired on board the French frigate, having on the road fallen in with the flag of truce, and receiving from it the despatches. The flag was remanded on board till further orders. The next day, the 4th inst. Col. St. Victor Paul, chief of the military police, attached to the prime staff of the place, Grand envoy of the Republic, Commander-in-Chief of the squadron de vissema; Danton Ingénieur, Aide-camp to Gen. B. Ingénieur—received orders to repair on the beach, and meet the French Minister, Mons. le Baron Mackau, commander of a line-of-battle ship of H. M. C. Majes-

ty, King of France. As soon as the public were informed that so distinguished an officer, of such high fame in the glorious career of arms, had made his entree in this Republic, with a treaty from his Sovereign, of the recognition of our independence full and entire—news highly acceptable—astonishing many citizens, whilst others expected it from the justice and liberality that has distinguished the reign of the august monarch, Charles X. of France, since his possession of the crown.

From the 5th to the 6th inst. in the morning, nothing transpired relative to the treaty of our recognition; meanwhile, we could perceive a certain *je ne sais quoi* on the countenance of every one, pressing something great and honorable, but on the 7th the good news was known publicly to all classes. On the 8th inst. early in the morning, one of the French vessels of war, the brig, made all sail from this harbor, carrying the orders and joyful accounts to the Heights of St. Marc, where we distinctly heard the rejoicings of the people—*le succès* succeeded, and they applauded the Prince who proclaimed them free and independent.

The ladies were occupied in this instance as on all former occasions, in the duties of their toilets, at balls, and, in fact, on all amusements common to the Haytiens—all striving to please. In the midst of all this joy, festivity, and rejoicings, echo, that nymph, ever faithful to repetition, this once was true to recollection and sound, and was every where distinctively heard to repeat *vive la France! vive Hayti! vive la France!*—(long live France! long live Hayti! long live France!)—the 10th lib! *vive la France!*—loved and cherished of his people—the least we can call him, the happy Boyer.

On the 9th, at half past 6 o'clock, P. M. one of the three French vessels of war, the ship called the *Bernaise* made sail for the Kingdom of France, and bearing with her the ratified treaty, duly signed, sealed and exchanged by both nations—despatches that will boldly show to the world, that the Republic of Hayti, free, sovereign and independent, was recognised as such by the authentic act of "sacred treaty," signed by the French nation in their ancient metropolis of the country. This very day Monsieur le Baron le Mackau received the respects and visits of all Frenchmen in Port-au-Prince, merchants and others.

On the 9th, at 8 o'clock, A. M. his Excellency the President of Hayti received with his usual good will, the felicitations of all the French merchants and others of that great nation in this capital.

Mr. Barbet delivered a discourse to his Excellency thanking him in the name of all strangers in his possessions, for his politeness and goodness to them generally. His Excellency remained silent, and having received the expression and sentiments, replied:—

"That in doing that which he conceived his duty, he only followed the dictates of his heart." This same day the French squadron, composed of 14 vessels, also anchored in our waters, and at 6 o'clock, P. M. the two admirals from the line-of-battle ships, the *L'Eclair* and the *John-Bart*, landed on the quay.

The billets of invitation from the Secretary-General, were distributed every where, for the different rejoicings to take place the ensuing Monday, in the spacious and magnificent mansion of the Secretary of State, in the Grand-street.

Here is to this day, as faithful an account as we can render to our benevolent readers, of the happy events that all are glad to repeat with enthusiasm, *vive la France—vive Hayti!*

PERSIA.—The affairs of Persia are rather in a curious state. The old King is on the brink of the grave. His sons, each at the head of armies, will most probably contend for the supreme power; and in that case, Russia will very probably take a part.

DOMESTIC.

VIOLENT STORM.—The hurricane and hail-storm in Newburyport, West Newbury, Amesbury, &c. on Sunday, 31st ult. was very violent; the thunder was tremendous; the hail was driven in sheets against the houses; several trees were torn up by the roots; ears of corn cut off from the stalks; fruit stripped from the trees, and most of the garden vegetables entirely destroyed. The hailstones were as large as pigeon's eggs, and of all conceivable shapes. In West Newbury 2489 panes of glass were broken. The hail was not so destructive in other places, though the tornado was furious. The Newburyport Herald, from which we learn the above facts, states that the violence of this storm exceeded any thing of the kind within their recollection.—*Salem Gazette.*

THE SHAKERS. An interesting examination has recently been had before Wm. Steadman, Esq. a Justice of the Peace within and for the County of Worcester, touching the conduct of certain of the members of the Harvard Society of Shakers, to one of their brethren, by the name of Seth Babbitt. It appears from the testimony, that Babbitt has long been a member of this class of Christians and has sustained some of their offices of trust and importance.—That having become somewhat advanced in life and having suffered by repeated shocks of paralysis, he was unceremoniously deprived of his offices and reduced to the common ranks. This he considered bad treatment, and he submitted to the rules and orders of his superiors in rank, with more irritability and turbulence than calmness and contentment. He was accordingly pronounced by the Elders and the Physicians of the Society, to be insane—and orders were issued to confine him. He has been held in confinement two years and four months, part of the time in chains, without the benefit of a fire in the winter and of air in the summer, and with scanty food and raiment. At length the extraordinary and inhuman treatment he was receiving became promulgated by some who had deserted from the Society, and the Selectmen and other inhabitants of Harvard, interfered for his release, and to bring the offenders to answer to the outraged laws of the land and of humanity.—The defendants, three in number, were bound over to the next October Term of the Supreme Judicial Court for that County. We forbear any comments at this time. When the highest judicial authority of the Commonwealth, has taken cognizance of the matter, we shall feel at liberty to indulge ourselves and our readers with a thorough exposition.—*Boston Statesman.*

The *Hudson Gazette* states, that the total amount of property destroyed by the late fire in that city, is estimated at \$50,000, on which \$16,000 were insured. The principal sufferer is Jonathan Stote, a satinnet-weaver, who employed about 100 persons.

It is stated in the *Pittsfield Sun*, as a great day's work, that eight laborers, with one team of oxen and one pair of horses, made, on the 16th ult. at Lanesborough, twenty thousand, seven hundred and fifty-six bricks.

FROM MATANZAS.—We learn by Capt. Cross, of the brig *Traveler*, at this port, (Boston,) that the U. S. Frigate *Constellation*, and schr. *Terrier*, were at Matanzas on the 14th ult. The *Fox*, arrived two days previous from Key West, and took a convey the day Capt. C. sailed.—On the 4th, the *Constellation* was handsomely decorated with flags and fired salutes during the day. A. H. HAYLEY died of the yellow fever on the 12th, and was buried on shore the same afternoon. It was not considered sickly on board the squadron. There were a number of invalids about returning to the United States in a vessel bound to New-York, to sail the next day.—*Boston Statesman.*

THE ARMY.—On the 27th May, Gen. Atkinson took up his line of march from the Council Bluffs for the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, and perhaps, as far west as the Rocky Mountains. The troops are 175 strong, with the exception of the mounted companies. Major O'Fallon accompanies Gen. A. as a joint commissioner to treat with the Indians.

Some alarm has recently been created in East Florida, by the menacing visit of six Indians, who, suspected that three of their tribe had been plundered and destroyed by the citizens of the territory, demanded that their horses and guns should be delivered up. Mr. Solano, a planter, to whom these Indians came, succeeded in getting rid of them, by assuring them that he had no horses or guns belonging to the Indians; and they left him, declaring that, if, after scouring the country, they did not find their comrades, they would return and take revenge for their supposed murder. On application of Mr. Solano, some troops were despatched in quest of the six Indians, by Major Wilson, who commands the U. S. Troops at St. Augustine. The soldiers on coming up with the Indians, fired on them, and wounded one in the arm.—The militia were ordered to be in readiness to act, should the Indians make any movements of a hostile character. The latter, on hearing of what had occurred, had called out their warriors to the number of 600 or 650, and driven off the white people; but on finding the troops and citizens preparing for them, became alarmed, and sent a request that no soldiers should come amongst them; and that they would seek redress only through the proper channels. Since the alarm has subsided, the three Indians, whose disappearance was the cause of it, have arrived in St. Augustine, loaded with skins, from a hunting expedition, which detained them longer than usual.

PINNEY.—By a vessel from St. Croix about the middle of last month, at New-York, we learn that the Governor of Turks Island having heard that there was a Pirate in the passage, immediately fitted out an armed schooner, well-manned from the garrison, which soon after returned with her prize and 13 or 20 pirates—the piratical captain and his first lieutenant were killed in the engagement.

Mediterranean Squadron.—The U. States ship *Constitution*, Cyane, Erie, and Ontario, arrived at Gibraltar June 12th, from Messina. The *N. Carolina* had gone to Tangier, all well on board.

New-Hampshire and Massachusetts. We know nothing of the disputes between the State of Massachusetts and the States of Rhode-Island and Connecticut; but if they have been cheated as it is reported, the State of New-Hampshire was cheated when the line was run, it is high time that Massachusetts should do all her neighbors justice. It is said that the boundary line was fixed at the distance of three miles north of Merrimack River, following its windings, from its source to Pawtucket falls near Dracut; and that the claims of Massachusetts cover more than four miles in some places! From Pawtucket falls to Connecticut River, the line was fixed on a course due west;—but it is said that the then Governor of Massachusetts, instructed Gen. Hazen, the surveyor, to insist on a difference of ten degrees in favor of that State for a supposed variation of the compass! If these things shall be made to appear, how can Massachusetts object to a revision of the proceedings.—*N. H. Patriot.*

An affair in the West.—The Nashville Whig of July 1st states that, it was rumored that the inhabitants of Allen County, Kentucky, and their neighbors in Jackson County, Tennessee, had met to the number of 15 or 20 on a side, armed with rifles, to settle a quarrel about some disputed land in Tennessee, claimed by the Kentuckians, which the latter proceeded to survey. "Having accomplished the work of a day without opposition, (says the Whig,) in the evening the Kentucky party fired off their rifles, and gave a war-whoop. This roused the Mountaineers of Jackson, (Penn.) who took it as a challenge, and assembled with arms to the number of 15 or 20, and moved on the Kentuckians, 5 of whom they captured; the others escaped by flight. Of the captured, three, it is said, were whipped severely, and at last one was dashed at the feet of who broke and ran."

In Philadelphia last week, a foreigner, in a state of delirium, after playing some mad pranks at his own residence, assailed the inmates of another house, with the most offensive language. The women of the house, provoked beyond endurance, finally seized the shovel and the tongs and beat him with some violence.—He was taken to the Hospital, where he died a few minutes after his arrival.

A boat in which were nine persons, was run foul of by a ferry-boat in the harbor of New-York on Saturday last, overset, and four persons were drowned. The *N. Y. Courier* says, the names of those drowned were Miss Traub of Havana, a child of Mrs. Baster, and Mr. Smith, a clerk in the office of Joseph Fowler, Esq. and a man whose name we have not heard.

A villain was apprehended in Albany on Thursday night last, who had attacked a young gentleman of that city, with intent to rob him. He had succeeded in wresting the young man's watch from his fob, when hearing the noise of persons approaching, he attempted to make his escape, but he was speedily overtaken and secured. He styles himself Lewis Green.

On Sunday afternoon three bales of cotton were discovered to be on fire in a store in Wall-street, New-York; upon which some kind seed oil had been accidentally spilt, which produced the combustion.

Don Carlos Maria de Alvaraz, late Minister Plenipotentiary to this Government from Buenos Ayres, has been appointed as the chief of a commission to Peru, for defining limits and for other objects.

The last Thursday in September ensuing, is appointed for the Cattle Show, &c. at Vergennes, (Vt.)

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1825.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.—The Editors of the *Kennebec Journal* have thought it practicable, (and even said it would be done,) to build a dam across the Kennebec river, just above the bridge at Augusta! These editors, probably, took the hint of recommending this "water privilege," from several other editors, who have had the goodness to point out the natural advantages of their own vicinity. We would, also, improve the present opportunity to recommend our "village" as one of the best in the country. It is situated on a gentle rise of land, and affords the finest sites for mills and any other machinery that requires a fall of water. It abounds in rocks, with which dams of almost any magnitude may be made; and what is a desideratum, they might be founded on a solid rock; so as to remain unmoved in the greatest swell of the streams; and they might be constructed in such a manner as to be secure from the ravage caused by ice and drift-wood. There is one disadvantage, to be sure; and there are very few privileges without some; we have no stream or river of water running directly through our village. But, this inconvenience can be remedied, as there is plenty of water within a few miles which may be brought here by artificial means. How soon this will take place we do not pretend to say, but every one acquainted with the situation, may guess.

THE TRIAL OF DESHA has again been postponed on account of the absence of several material witnesses; and it is said that it would be quite impossible to procure a jury that had not given an "opinion on the case." It costs about two hundred dollars per month to guard the gaol in which he is confined. It is rather doubtful if he ever is brought to trial.

COMMODORE PORTER.—The Court-Martial for the trial of this officer is still in session. It has examined a "multitude of witnesses," and taken many depositions, among others that of Mr. MONROE, ex-president of the United States. Presuming the testimony in the case would not be interesting to many, we refrain from publishing it. As soon as any thing of interest takes place in relation to the trial, we shall lay it before our readers. It is said, Commodore Porter intends to quit the American service, whether the Court acquit or condemn him; and report says, he is going to Mexico where he can have an Admiral's commission.

THE RAGE FOR NAMES.—Noticing the remarks made by the Editors of the *Salem Gazette*, with respect to the number of towns of the same name, we had the curiosity to examine the list of the different Post-Towns in the United States. We find there are 9 Bloomfields; 9 Burlingtons; 15 Centrevilles; 9 Charltons; 10 Chesters; 15 Columbias; 9 Concoards; 9 Dovers; 12 Fairfields; 12 Franklins; 13 Greenvilles; 9 Jacksons; 11 Jeffersons; 12 Lebanons; 11 Lexingtons; 11 Manchesters; 10 Millfords; 15 Miltons; 14 Monroes; 15 Mount Pleasants; 9 Mount Vernons; 11 Newports; 9 Palmyras; 13 Richmonds; 15 Salems; 9 Salisbury; 13 Springfield; 9 Tisbury; 9 Troys; 9 Vernons; 9 Warrens; and 19 Washingtons. It is quite probable there are towns of the same name of some of the above which do not receive the mail, and consequently are not included. There are many other towns to the number of six or eight each, of the same name. The following are rather odd names to us Yankees:—Acquaacknock; Bachelder's Retreat; Barren Creek Springs; Black and Whites; Burnt Corn Springs; Cotton Gin; Post; Fireplace; Genegantslet; Gnadenhutzen; Leatherwood's Store; Little Sand Salt Works; Traveller's Rest; Traveller's Rest; and Troublesome Iron Works.

RATHER STRANGE.—It is asserted as a fact in the *Dedham (Mass.) Register*, that a pump, in that village, during the late extreme hot weather, was set on fire by the sun! We wonder an explosion had not taken place from the effects of steam. Our readers will recollect, we published an account of the fish being killed by the heat, in the pond at *Cruston*, (R. I.) A writer in the *Norfolk Herald*, by way of ridiculing that statement, asserts, that he lately saw a flock of wild geese flying very low from North to South, all without feet! which he supposes were all scalded off by their alighting in some of our Northern ponds.

THE WAY THEY DO THINGS IN BALTIMORE.—Not long since, a negro riding at a quick trot in one of the public streets in this city, knocked down a young woman by his carelessness. He was immediately arrested, whipped, and committed to gaol for trial. *This is something like being hung, and then paying forty shillings.*

The weather, until Tuesday last, has been very warm and dry in this vicinity, when we had a copious shower, which revived the drooping vegetable kingdom and rendered the air more salubrious. The neighboring towns have also been refreshed with fine showers the week past.

The August Term of the SUPREME COURT, for this County, will be holden at the Court-house in this village on Tuesday the 23d instant.

A Probate Court will be holden at the Probate Office the same day.

MILITARY.—At an election of Field Officers, held at Buckfield, on Saturday last, Col. ELIPHALET PACKARD was unanimously chosen General of the 1st Brig, 6th Division, vice Parsons, resigned.

Eleven of the *Savory Sheep*, recently sold at Brighton, (Mass.) were purchased by I. Thordike, Jr., Esq., and have been placed upon his farm in the town of Jackson, (Me.)

Communications.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

A Question to whom it may concern.

Does it comport with the character of a Friend to Public Good, or, in fact, is it right in any person, not excepting those who evidently have their individual honors or aggrandizement in view, to be continually soliciting Commissions for their particular friends, without even consulting public necessity; and thereby abusing the confidence which the Executive may have in them, especially if after the Governor and Council have been troubled by considering the expediency of granting their request, the Commissions must remain, as useless lumber, upon the shelves of the Secretary's office?

MORE HEREAFTER.

Mr. BARTON.—As the time is near at hand when a Convention is to meet to designate Candidates for the Senate for this County, you will oblige me by naming, in your next paper,

DOCT. GROVER, of Bethel;—and

COL. THOMAS CHASE, Jr. of Livermore, as men every way qualified for that office.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Mr. BARTON,

Sir,—Will you have the goodness to name in your paper,

DOCT. SYLVANUS POOR, of Andover, as a Candidate for the Senate of this State, for the ensuing year.

PUBLIC GOOD.

CONGRATULATION.—We continue to receive accounts of the coronation of the French King. When the European papers have concluded their description of the beauty and splendor of the trappings worn on the occasion they tell the enormous sums they cost. When the French people look on this costly exhibition of folly, does the saucy and uncourtly question never occur, "Where do they get the money to pay for it?" It was, no doubt, very gratifying to the English to know, that the Duke of Northumberland gave 20,000 francs to four of his Most Christian Majesty's coachmen, who drove him and his suite a short distance. These courtly gifts are rather expensive, and have not the merit of being well bestowed. Squandering fortunes on laqueys and sneaking parasites, however, is according to the fashion of courts; it is a part of the monarchical system. Among the fooleries of the late ceremony is the very imposing one of anointing the King with holy oil, which the French editors gravely state was brought from heaven in a phial, by a dove; at the time Clovis was baptised to Christianity, and been miraculously preserved ever since!! During the French revolution, however, some unsanctified Jacobin broke the phial—but a small piece of it was fortunately picked up, containing a few drops of the holy oil, which were carefully preserved. With "awful solemnity" these particles of the oil were pricked into the King's skin with the point of a needle by the Archbishop of Rheims.

How long will the nations of Europe remain the sport of bigots, knaves, and fools? What an important institution is that of government, and to what miserable uses is it perverted!—*Kennebec Journal.*

CUBA.—Spain is evidently uneasy about the fate of this island. The Bishop of Havana has been compelled to fly to New-Orleans, for he was suspected of being too liberal in his opinions, and a new general of mines has been appointed. Some troops have arrived, and 2,500, in all, were expected. This island must speedily pass from the possession of Spain. There are elements within and without that will divest Ferdinand of this, his now most precious colony—but, whether it will become independent, be united with Mexico, or Colombia, or Hayti, no one can tell. The last is the most probable. Boyer, (by a pursuit of that policy which the British held right in respect to the United States, during the late war,) by declaring freedom to the slaves, can effect it, with the greatest ease, whenever he pleases. Besides, he may conquer it by arms, if he shall prefer that course; and as he now will want means to pay off what he has agreed to give France, the usages of civilized nations will justify him in getting them from Cuba!!—*Niles.*

FIRE IN PORTLAND.—On Saturday morning last about one o'clock, a fire was discovered bursting from a bake-house on Fore-street, between Union and Cross-streets, owned by Mr. Joseph Thaxter, and occupied by Messrs. Richards & Roberts, bakers. The buildings destroyed were one two-story building burnt, and three one-story buildings burnt and torn down.

ACCIDENT.—We learn that a laborer at work on a building in Morton Place, Milk-street, was killed on the 4th inst. by the falling of a staging on which he was.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

A Convention of the Republicans of Oxford County, will be holden at the Court-house in Paris, on Wednesday the 24th day of August next, at 6 o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of designating the Candidates for Senators, &c. for said County the ensuing year. Each town and plantation will send one Delegate—and such towns as send a Representative, will send two each.

By order of the County Committee.

July 14.

The Republicans

Of the town of PARIS, are requested to meet at the Court-House in said town, on SATURDAY the TWENTIETH instant, at FOUR of the clock, P. M. for the purpose of choosing two Delegates to attend the County Convention to be holden at the same place on the 24th instant.

PARIS, Aug. 3, 1825.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Lines" of "Darius" have been received, and will appear in our next.

The favor of "K." has also come to hand; we shall give it a place soon.

"Orion" has again favored us with the production of her muse. We shall insert her lines "On some Flowers," next week.

Married.

In Wayne, Simeon Foss, Esq. of Leeds, to Miss Sarah E. Norris.

In Peru, by Hezekiah Walker, Esq. Mr. Stephen Gammon to Miss Sally Knights.

Died.

In Bath, Mrs. Charlotte, wife of Mr. Warren Vinton, aged 30.

In Hallowell, on Tuesday morning, 26th ult. Mr. Joseph W. Hinkley, aged 22.

In Edgarton, (Martha's Vineyard,) Miss Love Luce, aged 72.—In Tisbury, (do.) Miss Elizabeth Carter, 65.

In New-Haven, Conn. Rev. Matthew Rice Dutton, professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Yale College, aged 42.

At Schoharie, N. Y. on Monday the 18th ult. WILLIAM BECHART, aged one hundred years. He was a native of Suffolk, Conn.; and settled in this town about eighty years ago, where he has lived ever since. It is said that he retained all his strength and activity of body to the age of 93, and that he could perform the most arduous labor without suffering at all from the effects of years. He appeared to enjoy all his mental faculties until a few days before his death; his eye-sight was so good, that he could read small print without the use of glasses, his hearing perfect, his memory retentive, and he could relate the principal events of his life with apparent accuracy and an evident degree of interest.

In Beaufort, S. C. on the 23d of May last, after a long and painful indisposition, the Rev. Mason L. Weems, of Dumfries, Va. well known as the author of the life of Washington, and various other popular works, which have passed through numerous editions, and have had a most extensive circulation. He was a man of very considerable attainments as a scholar, a physician and divine. His philanthropy and benevolence were unbounded. Early in life he liberated his paternal slaves, from conscientious motives, and voluntarily commenced a career of incessant bodily toil, to disseminate moral and religious books in various remote and destitute portions of the country. From Pennsylvania to the frontiers of Georgia was the principal theatre of his indefatigable labors, and it is supposed on good authority, that in the course of his life he had been instrumental in circulating nearly a million of copies of the scriptures and other valuable works. That in this laborious calling he was principally actuated by an expanded philanthropy, is proved by his entire neglect of the means of accumulating a large fortune, and dying in comparative poverty. His very eccentricities, for failings they could not be called, were the eccentricities of genius and benevolence. He finally fell a martyr to his arduous exertions to do good, and died in the full enjoyment of faith, and a blessed hope of immortality, leaving behind him a numerous and afflicted family.

In England, the Earl of Whitworth, aged 64; an eminent Diplomatist and Statesman.—He had represented the British Court at Warsaw, in Denmark, France, &c.—He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

PRINTING.

The Subscriber having received an addition of

New & Handsome Type,

IS NOW PREPARED TO PRINT

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, SHOP BILLS, CARDS, HANDBILLS, BLANKS, &c.

IN HANDSOME STYLE,

AND ON THE MOST

FAVORABLE TERMS.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

FOR SALE.

CENTRALLY situated in Turner Village, about one half acre of LAND, lying between the main road running through said Village and Twenty Mile River—Together with an elegant two-story DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LARGE STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL OF WATER. Said Stand is a rare chance for any mechanic, being the centre of the town, and situated near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carriage-man, Oil-mill, Fulling-mill, &c. It also affords a good stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers would do well to call and see for themselves; and as the subscriber is about closing his business to remove from town, they may depend upon very fair terms and pay made easy. Those who calculate to purchase, are wished to call before the first of October, as the property if not sold before that time, will be disposed of in a different manner.

ISAAC BONNEY, 2d.

Turner Village, August 8, 1825.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, SS. JULY 30, 1825. TAKEN by virtue of Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday the twenty-ninth day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the dwelling-house of Capt. SAMUEL PUMPLIN, in Turner, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which Capt. SAMUEL PUMPLIN has in and to the Farm on which he now lives, and is the same Farm which the said Pumpilly mortgaged to Capt. Aaron Soul of Turner.

HASTINGS STRICKLAND, Jr.

Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE.

TAKEN up by the subscriber, a black, three year old mare COLT, with one white spot on the side of the left hind foot—trots all. The owner is requested to come and prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

PHILLIP C. MASON.

Paris, Aug. 5th, 1825.

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE Fall Term in Hebron Academy, will commence on the 17th day of August next, under the tuition of Mr. SIMON PERKINS, A. B. who taught the school the last term, much to the satisfaction of the Superintending Committee, and of the students; therefore youths of both sexes, whose object is instruction on moderate terms, are again invited to this Seminary.

JOHN TRAPP, Secretary.

PRIVATE SCHOOL.

PERSONS desirous of having a PRIVATE SCHOOL on Paris Hill, are requested to meet at Mr. EMBURY'S Office, on Saturday, the 13th inst. at 8 o'clock P. M.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate holden at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

On the petition of JANE COFFIN, administratrix of the estate of JAMES COFFIN, late of Portland, in said County, Esquire, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of two thousand, seven hundred, thirty dollars and sixty-two cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED.—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford, in said County, on the second Tuesday of September next, at ten of the clock, A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest: THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Executrix of the last Will and Testament of

HENRY GORDON,

late of Fryeburg, in the County of Oxford; yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

SARAH P. GORDON.

Fryeburg, Aug. 2, 1825.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

JOHN ATHERTON, Jr.

late of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, Esquire, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

JOHN ATHERTON.

Waterford, Aug. 1, 1825.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

ON RUFUS BARKER'S ESTATE. THE subscribers having been appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of RUFUS BARKER, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent; hereby give notice, that six months from the first day of August instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we shall attend that service at the office of CHARLES WHITMAN, in said Waterford, on the first Saturdays of October and December next, at two o'clock, in the afternoon of said days.

DANIEL BROWN,

CHARLES WHITMAN, } Commissioners.

Howard's Gore, June 29, 1825.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Waterford.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and parts of lots of Land, in Waterford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect for the year 1824; town tax and deficiency of highway tax, for the year 1823, as follows, viz:

Proprietors.	No. Lots.	No. Acres.	Value.	Town tax.	Highway tax.	Total.
Unknown,	11	13 160	\$98	\$2.06	\$2.32	\$4.38
Do.	11	12 160	64	1.34	1.52	2.86
Do.	11	11 160	64	1.34	1.52	2.86
Do.	6	11 160	25	0.53	0.00	0.53
Do.	7	11 160	100	2.10	2.37	4.47
Do.	12	1 160	23	0.48	0.54	1.02
Do. W. part,	12	5 60	37	0.78	0.83	1.66
Do.	4	8 160	127	2.67	3.02	5.69
Do.	8	14 160	98	2.32	2.32	4.64
Do.	9	13 160	75	1.69	1.69	3.38
Do.	12	9 160	98	2.32	2.32	4.64
Do.	11	3 160	50	0.29	0.29	0.58
Do.	1	10 160	62	0.36	0.36	0.72
Do. N. part,	4	1 100	67	1.60	1.60	3.20
Do. N. part,	6	7 160	50	0.54	0.54	1.08
Do. W. part,	7	10 50	37	0.67	0.67	1.34

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the twentieth day of September next, at nine o'clock, A. M. so much of each of said lots and parts of lots as will pay said taxes and charges, will then be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the house of the subscriber in said Waterford.

WM. MORSE, Jr. Collector of

Waterford, for the year 1824.

Waterford, Aug. 3, 1825.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

FROM the Pasture of JAMES THOMPSON, in Buckfield, a red HORSE, four years old, with one white hind foot, and a dark red spot on each side, occasioned by a gall. Whoever will secure said Horse or give information to the subscriber, shall be rewarded for their trouble.

NICHOLAS HALL.

Buckfield, Aug. 3.

MORE NEW BOOKS!

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, the Laws of the State of Maine, from the adoption of the Constitution until the present time—Greenleaf's Reports—Town Officer, second edition—Maine Justice—Civil Officer, &c.

—ALSO—Lacroix's and Euler's Algebra—Lacroix's Arithmetical—Virg. Rome—Latin Grammar—Latin Dictionaries—Virg. Delphini—Adams' Roman Acquisitio—Cicero De Oratore—Cicero's Cato—Cicero's Murena—Cicero's Major, &c. &c.

POETRY.

FROM THE HALLOWELL GAZETTE.
MY LIFE.

"My life is like the summer rose."—R. H. WILDE.
My life is like the summer rose,
That bends to every breath it meets;
The lightest breeze that blows
Has power to rob it of its sweets.
My hours of hope are blest, 'tis true,
And dreams of brightness fill those hours;
But who their freshness shall renew,
When time has touched the fragile flow'rs?
The summer rose is not more sweet,
Than are my visions of delight;
The dew of morn, ere noontide's heat,
Has left the rose for realms of light;—
And thus must pleasure's brilliant gleams
Prove but an evanescent ray,
Which only for a moment seems,
And, ere we dream it, flits away. QUIDAM.

THE PATRIOT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
The clock hath told the parting hour,
The last that it shall tell to me,
Ere, disenthral'd from lawless power,
I soar into eternity.
These massy walls, this clanking chain—
The strength of man that keeps me here,
In one short hour shall act in vain—
Mind is beyond his petty sphere.
It lives where tyrants cannot go—
In realms of liberty and light;
Their utmost malice ends below,
And leads to freedom infinite.

I greet thee, Death! not one weak fear
Shall pale my brow or shake my limb;
I will not shame the freeman's bier,
Or on it leave a stain for him.

Dauntless I'll die, as man should die,
For freedom and this unborn world;
There's even a joy, thus manfully,
To meet the bolts of Oppression hurld.

I would not linger life in chains,
Though life to me, to all is dear;
I would not court the slave who reigns
O'er Spain, for lengthen'd slavery here.

THE FARMER.

A Farmer's life's the life for me;
I own I love it dearly;
And every season, full of glee,
I take its labor cheerily—
To plough or sow,
Or in the barn to thresh, sir,
All's one to me;
I plainly see

'Twill bring me health and cash, sir.
To customers the Merchant shows
His best broadcloths and satins,
In hopes to sell a suit of clothes;
But lo! they beg a pattern;
Which pinn'd on sleeve,
They take their leave—
Perhaps they'll buy—since low 'tis—
And if they do,
The sale he'll rue,
When paid, sir, with a "notice."

The Priest has plagues as undesired,
When flattered with a call, sir;
For though he preach like one inspired,
He cannot please 'em all, sir;
Some, wanting grace,
Laugh in his face,
While solemnly he's prosing;
Some sneeze or cough,
Some snuff off—
And some are even dozing.

The Lawyer leads a harass'd life,
Much like a hunted otter;
And 'tween his own and others' strife,
He's always in hot water:
For foe or friend,
A cause defend,
However wrong must be, sir,
In reason's spite,
Maintain 'tis right—
And thereby earn his fee, sir.

The Doctor's styled a gentleman;
But this I hold but humbug;
For, like a tavern waiting-man,
To every call he's "coming!"
Now here, now there,
He must repair,
Or starve, sir, by denying;
Like death himself,
Unhappy elf,
He lives by others' dying.

The Soldier deck'd in golden lace,
Looks wondrous fine, I own, sir;
But still I envy not his place,
When batter'd to the bone, sir.
To knock my head,
Against cold lead,
I never had a notion;
If that's the way
To rank, I say,
Excuse me the promotion.

The Sailor lives but in a jail,
With all the risk besides, sir,
Of pillage, fonder and of gale;
This cannot be denied, sir;
While I so snug
Enjoy my jug,
Or kiss my wife, and so forth—
When rain and storm,
The nights deform,
His duty bids him go forth—

A Farmer's life, then let me live,
Obtaining, while I lead it,
Enough for self, and some to give
To such poor souls as need it.
I'll drain and fence,
Nor grudge expense
To give my land good dressing;
I'll plough and sow,
Or drill in row,
And hope from Heaven a blessing.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

To live! to love! to hope! and find it vain;
To see friends falling—and that riches fly;
A youth of follies—an old age of pain;
To pine for freedom, and yet fear to die!
Then add to these, (for such is mortal's lot),
To die at last—unpitied, and forgot.

VARIETY.

From the Niagara Sentinel. SCENE AT THE NIAGARA FALLS.

A Newspaper is the vehicle of public misfortunes, as well as public benefits. Without discrimination it records the death of the high and the low—the unfortunate case of one, and the fortunate case of another.—In it we see "horrible piracies," "melancholy accidents," "shocking occurrences," "unparalleled adventures," "daring robberies," "horrid murders," "hair-breadth escapes," "lucky hits," "noble deeds," "beautiful extracts," "fragments," "miscellany," "variety," "poetry," &c. &c. besides "foreign news," "domestic," and hundreds of advertisements, from "a good bargain," "new and cheap," "take notice," "for sale," "married," down to "whereas my wife Betty, has left my bed," &c. But not to wander from my subject.

The Falls of Niagara are only 7 miles from this place, and on either side of the "blue Niagara," below them, the banks present themselves 200 feet in height, and instead of being perpendicular, slope one from top to bottom like a corn crib, and leave the top of the bank hanging over 15 or 20 feet from the line of the bottom. This, when viewed from below, is awfully grand, and a person shrinks into nothingness, and his ideas become a vacuum, when his eye surveys the massy shelving rocks, and imagines his situation, if, in one general crash, the whole should find the bed of the river! The roaring of the dreadful cataract, the foaming of the waters, and the awful gulph below, are scenes which the pen of description cannot reach. During the summer months, hundreds visit this cataract for curiosity and health. Accordingly I went, lately, to view, alone, this wonderful curiosity of nature, which has called forth so much animated version, prose and poetical genius, as well in Europe, as America. Now here, I come to the relation of the catastrophe which I have so singularly prefaced.

The sun had risen an hour, as I walked out on Goat Island to view the beauties of the never-ceasing cataract, while the sun's rays struck it from the east, and hung a most beautiful rainbow around near to the sheet of water, on the dense spray that was constantly emitting. Every thing was still, save the hoarse growling of the falls, which seemed to reverberate as it took flight. "Over the hills, and far away."

Nothing moved. The leaves which had all fallen some time since, rustled under my feet, as I moved slowly along, looking on the ten thousand names, that in various and multifarious manners, ways, shapes, and tastes, are seen cut upon every smooth tree. At length my attention was arrested by one beech particularly, which bore two names well cut, one exhibiting below it a violin and bow, and the other a keyed flute, together with some initials still below—a little distance from this, and nearer to the bank, on a large beech, I read the following, which was 10 or 12 feet up, on the side of the tree, which, for 6 feet from the bottom, was literally covered with names—

"Sacred be thee, thou old beech tree,
"Thou bear'st the stamp of many a name;
"Curs'd be he who injures thee,
"Thou relic of departed fame."

As I stood reading this, my eye caught the glimpse of a young man who sat, apparently in a reverie, with his feet hanging off the bank. The sight was awful, as he seemed to sit "halting between two opinions,"—and the idiot motion of his head readily enforced the idea that he was in a delirium, as he sat, viewing the ceaseless torrent rush below. I could have spoken a friendly word to him—oh! I could have snatched him with eagerness from the yawning gulph. But then I could not, dare not speak, for hearing the sound of a voice, or, if I approached, my footsteps would frighten him, and throw him into the abyss! I could not catch his eye to beckon him away. To approach was dangerous indeed, and to halloo, was to plunge him into eternity! At last I advanced, slow as the hand of a clock, towards him. His cheek was fair, and an idiot smile seemed at intervals to play upon his vacant countenance. The air produced by the cataract, gently moved his hair, as he sat indifferently, and with occasional motions. Finally, forgetting myself, my steps unluckily produced a noise which caught his ear. He gazed around at me with a vacant and half-frightened look, and, oh! heavens! gave an unguarded spring, and—ran off the island, while I pursued close at his heels with a limb, determined, if I overhauled him, to inflict severe chastisement on him for his presumption. But he out-ran me. FINIS.

Singular Anecdote.—Two gentlemen had contracted a bitter and irreconcilable enmity against each other. A servant of one happening to die, was buried within twenty-four hours, after the Russian custom, when the other determined to gratify his revenge upon his adversary, by accusing him of the murder of this man. To give a color to this accusation, accompanied by some of his confidential servants, he proceeded privately to disinter the corpse, with a view of inflicting marks of violence upon it. The body was removed from the coffin and held erect, that it might undergo a severe flogging, when to the astonishment and dismay of the party, after a few blows had been inflicted, animation returned, and the afflicted resurrection-men ran off with the utmost precipitation. The corpse at length recovering its animation, was enabled to move off in its shroud and regain his master's habitation, which it re-entered, to the great terror of its respective inhabitants. At length, however, his reality becoming certain, they were reassured, and the supposed ghost communicated all that he could remember of the state he had been in, which was, that his senses had not left him, notwithstanding he had felt so cold and torpid as to be incapable of speech or motion, until the blows had restored him. This led to the detection of the diabolical plan against his master's life and character. The servants of the monster confessed their participation in the act, and he was consequently arraigned before the senate.

A CURE FOR DECAPITATION.

During the sanguinary progress of the French revolution, when Robespierre and his blood-thirsty minion reigned triumphant, an Italian physician, who had spent fifteen long years of his life in the study of the recondite sciences, divulged to the world an experiment by which he was to resuscitate the victims of the guillotine. The mode by which he hoped to achieve this mighty work, was to join the head and trunk together immediately after their disjunction, and afterwards to apply certain salve, or "mollifying ointment," as it was called, to the lips of the wound. So tempestuous, however, were the times, that men had no leisure to attend to this marvellous discovery; and the physician, justly piqued at this indifference, and being anxious to put his theory in practice, made a confident of his foot-boy. After initiating him into all its deep mysteries, he proposed, that for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, the poor fellow should have his head chopped off; the physician most solemnly assuring him that, that important member would be replaced in its original situation. Unfortunately the serving man wanted the philanthropy of his master; but being desirous that the latter should have proof of the efficacy of the salve, it was suggested that he himself should undergo the operation.—The physician shuddered—hesitated—felt doubts lingering about

him; but confidence in the excellence of his invention—the dread of its being forever lost to the suffering world—and haply a pretty large share of enthusiasm so operated on his brain, that he did actually consent to become the victim. All the preparatives were employed—the salve was ready—the physician was willing—and off went his head in a trice.—The operator's nerves trembled; but the love he bore his master, and the awkward predicament in which he stood, gave them unusual firmness, and he succeeded in attaching the head to the body, and in applying the salutary ointment. The patient's eyes began to emit a faint gleam, a deep sigh escaped his bosom; and the words "to bed" issued from his lips in weak and half broken accents. In bed he was accordingly laid; and after a hot, restless, and feverish sleep he awoke, stiff and uncomfortable. He got out of his bed, not without difficulty and rushed towards the mirror; when, to his horror and alarm he perceived that his head had changed sides under the operation, and that the front of his body kept company with the back of his head. Furious with rage and disappointment, he presented a pistol to the breast of the affrighted servant. "Sirrah! sirrah!" quoth he, "in the name of God and the Virgin Mary, why did you not put my head in the same place where you found it?" "O master! dear master!" replied the other, quivering on his knees, "if it had been put on the common way, no one would have known that it had ever been off." The hot blood of the physician cooled at this reply, he forgave the servant, and the injury done to his frame; and it is said, that he survived as long as to make the most callous shrink aghast at the very name of "mollifying ointment."

FROM THE ALBANY MICROSCOPE.

ORDER OF DE DAY.

For de Celebration ob de Forty-four ob 'Cly.
1. De Boablation Siety will meet upon de two 'teeple Church, at precisely half pas' haf arter duodecim clock in de morning—just afore arter sunrise.
2. Every nigger what can get him, must bring 'long two, tree, four, cracker, for fire de nigger salute, when de musichum play on de banjo.
3. De procession will perform on de Foxin-creek, and go right 'trail down to de Sturgeon-Slip, in de following militia order:

Sambo White Eye, on he bld be-goat, if he can ride 'im.
Four buck niggers with 'locking and shoes.
All de rest ob de niggers.
Any body else.
Dead Thompson.

When they all get to de church, they go and get some bitters, and den come into Market, and hear de speech, and drink de toast.

According to de above arrangements, the following proceedings took place:

ORATION.

Pronounced by Yon Hull, Esq. at Gibbons' Market, before de Hon. de Boablation Siety, on de 'casion ob de forty-eleventh university ob de 44th ob 'Cly, 18-hunderd-and-25.

You brack niggers, dare, hangin on de meat-hooks, and grinnin like monkeys in 'e Caraban, come ober here to dis end ob de Market, and see me make my oration, on dis 'casion, so grand, like massa Cumming, or any oder great orator.—Now I begin.

Wat you 'spose is de reason we come here dis hot day? Why, wat a silly question dat is for a nigger to ax! It almost make me dio wid laffin. Why you brack nincompoops! we came here to celebrate de 44th ob 'Cly, gis like de white folks in de Capitol. Now wat you tink you tink you know? Noting at all, 'ceptin wat I tell you. Den I will tell you how you must celebrate de 44th ob 'Cly. In de fus place, you must go an git some eels and den pick up de shin-bones around here in de Market, to make dinner for dis respectable company. Next you must git one quart and tree pint ob de nigger rum or Bossum 'Ticler—no great matter wich—for drink our toas' wid, when de clost is remove—dat is, you know, when de drum is sweep off de floor, and de iron pot set under de meat stall.

Now take your hat off your woolly heads, if you got any hat, and throw it up and say "Hurra!" tree times, for de land ob Liberty, where every body free and independent 'ceptin de niggers wat is slaves, and de white folks wat lockee up in 'e 'tone-jug, and de gentlemen wat git married.

Now git me one suck ob de jug dare, 'fore he all gone, and den I will finish my oration arter dinner.

TOASTS.

De Orator ob de Day. Wat he has told us be none de worse for being old; as an old boot bears de brightest polish. Good many groan, 'an ju' as many grin.—Were you 'real dal fish?

De Day we celebrate. Wish he cum every day. Las' year 'e cum on 'e fifth. 'Spose 'o cum one day arter, nex' year—wat U tink ob dat?—Five nigger laff—so: yah-e! yah-e! yah-e! yah-e! yah! Massa La Fayette. No more harm to hab red head, dan 'tis to hab woolly one. Tobe M. Organ's stepquick on 'e banjo.

De Boablation Siety. Like good many oder Sieties, berry fond ob bragging ob he charitable acts. Why should 'e light 'e candle, an' set 'im under a tree peck measure? I don't know, an' elebteen hurrae.
De brack folks all ober de worl'. Dough dere 'kin be as brack as de debil, dere hart be pure as an' krytal treem ob de Foxen-Creek. Tree trunk, an' bte dal cum nail.

De 'Nited 'Tate. Berry good country, take 'im all round. Any body wat don't like 'im, 'spose 'e cut stick, an' try to fin' a better. Soxa—Hoe corn an' dig potatoes.

General Hull. No more to be compared to de 'mortal orator ob de day dan 'horse-e to a wart,' as Shakespeare says.

De Gubenor ob Georgia. Wat dam fuss he make about de niggers!—Can't he recruit 'e Troups without dere assistance? Wonder where he git he tunder arm? Soxa—Nigger in de catch-house; don't you hear 'im holler?

Our brack brudders at de Sout. Hope 'e be berry careful not to drink too much ice water dis foscating wedder; no man should go out ob de world widout medical aid. Soxa—Passim up a gum tree.

De C-Sarpent. Were U tink 'e is? 'Spose he gone to see he mammy—debil TAKE 'im. One laff, an' two an' a haf teise look.

De ole Fish-slip. Neider out ob sight (ob de Market) nor out ob min'; dough he no more now wat he used to was, an' nebbber will be agin.

Pinxter. De great jubilee, ob de origin ob wich nobody don't know noting; an' can't tell wat he made for, 'cept to gib de sable fair sec a chance to "perfume de ambient air" wid de wholesome fragrance ob dere balmy breath. Soxa—Ho, boys! mas' done.

De brack fair sec. "De las' bes' gift to man" 'wen 'e expire wid heat, Lord how sweet 'e tink! Soxa—Love's Young Dream.

I'll tell you of a Candidate, Whose pow'r of speech was very great. He preach'd one Summer, (no, 'twas Fall,) At such a Place—but pleas'd not all! One said, let's give a call; another Dese'd to hear him little further; But one declar'd, (and with a smile,) I've heard him YAN enough, (Full half a mile.) [COMMUNICATED.]

The following is an anecdote of the first Lord Mayor, which his Lordship himself told from the bench.—He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation not uncommon in this class of person. The fellow begged his Lordship to give him a character. "What kind of a character can I give you?" says his Lordship. "Oh, my Lord, any character your Lordship pleases to give me I shall most thankfully receive." His Lordship accordingly sat down, and wrote as follows—"The bearer, John —, has served me for three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me. (Signed) Mansfield."—John thanked his Lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards when his Lordship was going through his lobby to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man in a very handsome livery made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognised his late coachman. "Why, John," says his Lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place, how could you manage this with the character I gave you?" "O, my Lord," says John, "it was an exceeding good character. My new master, on reading it, said, he observed your Lordship recommended me as an able driver, and a sober man. These, said he, are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe, his Lordship adds, he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah, I'm a Yorkshireman and I'll be it—d if you cheat me."

Civic Erudition.—The Lord Mayor of London, at the time of the riots in 1780, being asked by Lord North why he did not call upon the *passio concitatus* answered, "I would have done so; but dence take the fellow, I don't know where he lives."—*Lon. pa.*

A loin of mutton was on the table, and the gentleman opposite to it took the carver in hand.—"Shall I cut it summatwise?" quoth he. "You had better cut it unsummatwise," said the Professor, "for we then shall all stand a better chance to get a BIT in our mouths."

A free negro was brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering; the magistrate begins to re-monstrate.—"Do you know how to read?"—Yes, massa, little.—"Well, don't you never make use of the bible?"—Yes, massa, I trap my razor on it sometime.

Mrs. L, who lived in great health and spirits to the age of ninety-two, was asked about 10 years before, at what time of life the passions of love, generally fail? "That," said she, "is a question of experience, which I cannot, at present, determine."

A port young lady was walking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she encountered the celebrated Wilkes. "You see (observed the lady) I am come out for a little run and air." "You had better Madam, get a little husband first."

ON LADIES' EVENING DRESSES.

When dressed for the evening the girls now-a-days, Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
Nor blame them—for what is an evening dress,
But a dress that is suited for EVE.—*Adam.*

A foolish fellow went to the parson of the parish, and making up a very long face, told him he had seen a ghost, as he was passing by a grave-yard, moving along against the side of the wall. "In what shape did it appear?" "In the shape of an ass." "Go home and hold your tongue about it," said the parson; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

A gentleman crossing the water the other day below Limehouse, observed the laborer, at work in a tier of colliers, and wanting to learn the price of coals in the pool, hailed one of the men with, "Well Paddy, how are coals?" "As black as ever, your honor," replied the Irishman.

A person once hearing a lady sing, who had a disagreeable breath, was asked how he liked it. "The voice is good," said he, "but the AIR is intolerable."

Young Scholar's First Book.

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

THE YOUNG SCHOLAR'S

FIRST BOOK;

OR, GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE. Being a book calculated for small children.

The several instructresses in this vicinity are respectfully invited to call and receive a copy for examination.

—ALSO FOR SALE—

BALFOUR'S INQUIRY—second edition. July 21.

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has taken the shop of Mr. JACOB JACKSON, and will carry on the

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS

in all its usual branches. Work of every description wanted in the country will be done at the shortest notice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Customers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exertion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction.

PARIS, July 16, 1825.

55 11

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEEVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Lancaster, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Portland, Feb. 15.—11 34

SPECTACLES.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, a good assortment of SPECTACLES.

THE OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY

ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.